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NOVEMBER, 1939

ACTION COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office



ACTION COM

SUPERMAN

THE MAN OF TOMORROW

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

LEAPING OVER SKYSCRAPERS, RUNNING FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS-TRAIN, SPRINGING GREAT DISTANCES AND HEIGHTS, LIFTING AND SMASHING TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS, POSSESSING AN IMPENETRABLE SKIN -- THESE ARE THE AMAZING ATTRIBUTES WHICH **SUPERMAN** SAVIOR OF THE HELPLESS AND OPPRESSED, AVAILS HIMSELF OF AS HE BATTLES THE FORCES OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE!



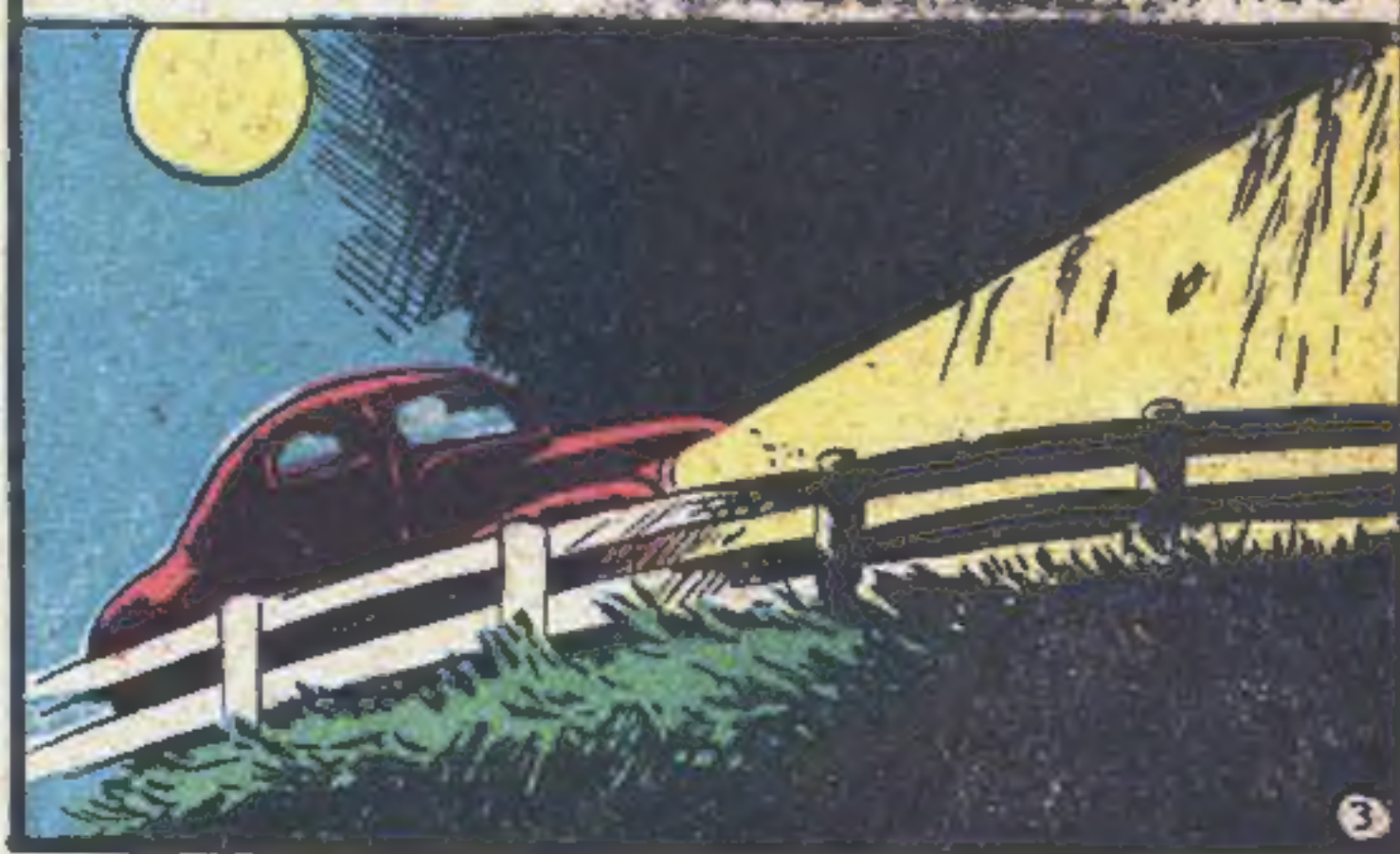
AS SENATOR HASTINGS FINISHES A SPEECH IN HIS CAMPAIGN FOR RE-ELECTION . . .

GREAT SPEECH, SENATOR, GREAT!

THANKS, BOYS, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

YOU'RE 'IN' NOW, SENATOR! IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE COUNT!

LATER -- THE SENATOR, HOMEWARD BOUND, WENDS HIS AUTO ALONG A TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN ROAD



THE GUARD RAIL -- IT DIDN'T HOLD -- MY CAR PLUNGED THRU -- I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!

GOOD GRIEF! YOU ARE LUCKY! PLEASE ALLOW ME TO DRIVE YOU TO TOWN!



I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU! ENOUGH FOR YOUR KINDNESS!

ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE!

UNNOTICED BY THE SENATOR, THE GIRL TAKES A SMALL VIAL FROM HER BAG . . .

. . . AND CRUSHES IT BENEATH HER HEEL!

(— IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE SLEEP-GAS TO WORK! NOW FOR THE EMERGENCY BRAKE! —)

SLAYING SHIFTED THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAR, SHE STEPS AROUND TO THE DRIVERS' SIDE!

AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT IS DRIVING OFF INTO THE NIGHT TOWARD AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION!

SHORTLY AFTER . . . THE AUTO TURNS INTO THE WAYSIDE INN, A NOTORIOUS ROADHOUSE . . .

NICE WORK, TRIXIE!

QUICK . . . GET HIM INSIDE, BEFORE WE'RE SEEN!

NEXT MORNING, CLARK SEES LOIS WHILE ON HIS WAY OUT TO CHECK A POLICE-FLASH NEWS TIP



WHEN CLARK AND LOIS REACH THEIR DESTINATION...



HOWEVER AT THE SIGHT OF THE REPORTERS, THE DISTRAUGHT WOMAN BURSTS INTO TEARS!



UNNOTICED BY THE OTHERS, GENE POWERS GOSSIP COLUMNIST ON THE YELLOW TABLOID, MORNING HERALD, JOITS DOWN NOTES...



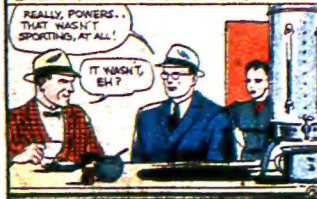
NEXT MORNING... IN THE DAILY STAR OFFICES

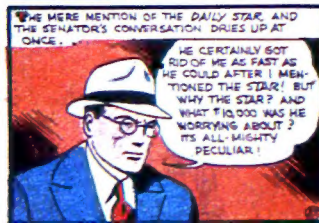
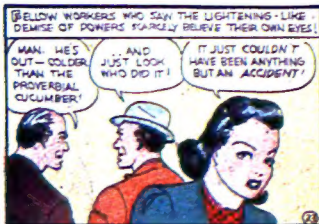


LEAVE IT TO GENE POWERS AND HIS DIRTY RAG TO DO A TRICK LIKE THIS! JUST TO KICK UP A LITTLE EXCITEMENT FOR HIS COLUMN-FANS HE'S UTTERLY RUINED THAT HOME



LATER—AT A RESTAURANT PATRONIZED BY THE PRESS





(GIRLING BACK, CLARK TAKES UP HIS STATION BESIDE THE HOME...)



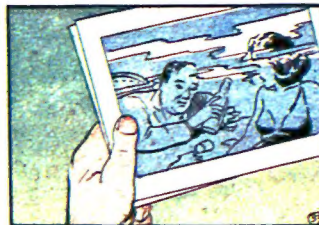
BEFORE SUPERMAN'S PENETRATING VISION THE WALL SEEMS TO WAVER AND MELT...



... UNTIL AN INSTANT LATER, BETWEEN HIS X-RAY EYES AND SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS, HE IS COMPLETELY AWARE OF EVERYTHING OCCURRING WITHIN THE HOUSE!



WITHIN THE ROOM...



THAT EVENING, WITHIN THE PRIVACY OF HIS APARTMENT, CLARK DONS HIS **SUPERMAN** RAIMENT...



A TREMENDOUS LEAP PROPELS THE MAN OF STEEL OUT INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT...



SHORTLY AFTER, THE FANTASTIC FIGURE CAN BE SEEN STREAKING DOWN TOWARD GENE POWERS' HOME...



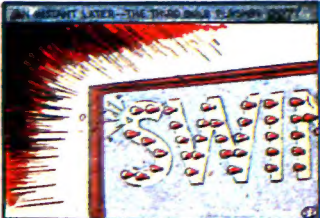
SUPERMAN RIPS OPEN THE STEEL SAFE WITH HIS BARE HANDS, AS THO IT WERE CONSTRUCTED OF PAPER...



IN THE ADJOINING BEDROOM...







WITHOUT FURTHER WORDS, **SUPERMAN** LEAPS OFF INTO THE NIGHT . . .



WITHIN THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER OF THE **MORNING HERALD** . . .



SHORTLY AFTER . . . HIGH OVERHEAD IN THE SKY, **SUPERMAN** TRAILS POWERS! AUTO . . .



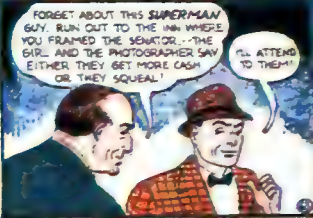
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, POWERS RASTELY ENTERS THE MORNING HERALD BUILDING



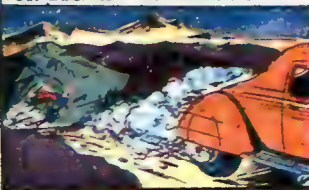
UNWARE THAT **SUPERMAN** IS SUSPENDED OUTSIDE A NEARBY WINDOW, LISTENING



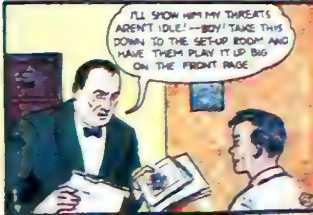
HE AND PUBLISHER HAMILTON GO INTO A HASTY CONFERENCE.



RACING ALONG THE HIGHWAY AT A FAST CLIP, **SUPER-MAN** EASILY KEEPS THE CAR AHEAD IN SIGHT



BACK IN HAMILTON'S OFFICE...



WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU TWO?

WE WANT MORE DOUGH - WE DO ALL THE WORK, AND YOU TRY TO hog THE CASH!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT, POWERS!

AND THE BULLET CAREENS OFF SUPERMAN'S SUPER-TOUGH SKIN!

MUN?

SURPRISED?

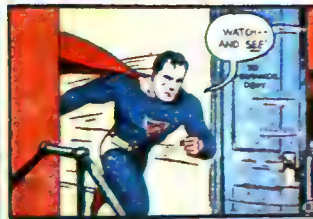
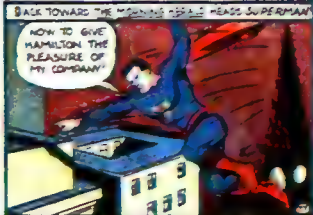
A cartoon illustration of a man in a red checkered suit and hat talking to a woman in a red dress. The man says "YOU'RE NEXT!" and the woman replies "NO! NO!... NO, GENE!".

AS SUPERMAN LEAPS FORWARD TO WRENCH AWAY THE GUN, IT GOES OFF...

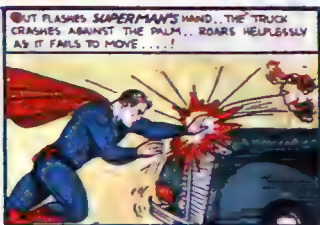


GIVE ME THAT!

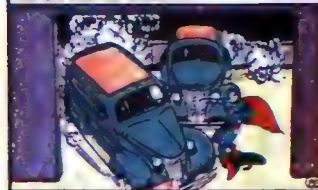
FLL--!



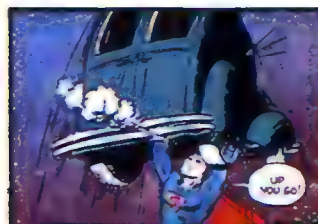
SUPERMAN RACES INTO THE DISTRIBUTION ROOM JUST AS SEVERAL TRUCKS LADEN WITH PAPERS ARE ABOUT TO PULL OUT...



ONE OF THE TRUCKS SWERVES PAST **SUPERMAN** AND OUT INTO THE STREET.

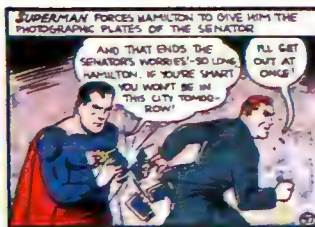
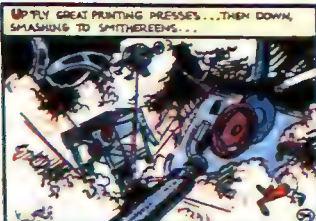
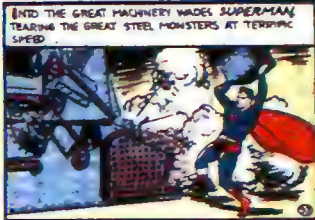


ONE MIGHTY LEAP BRINGS **SUPERMAN** AHEAD OF IT...



RACING BACK, **SUPERMAN** DEPOSITS THE TRUCK WITHIN THE NEWSPAPER PLANT!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SPECIAL MONTHLY MESSAGE TO THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

IT is hardly necessary to tell you that every building or structure that is erected with the idea in mind that it will become permanent, must have a good, solid foundation. Otherwise the building will soon crumble and fall to the ground. So too with clubs and other organizations, they must be built upon solid ideals and worthwhile principles.

Knowing this, I have endeavored to form the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA on the principles of STRENGTH, COURAGE and JUSTICE—three worthwhile ideals if ever there were any!

The first of these three foundation stones STRENGTH, can and should be applied to both the body and the mind. With strength of mind a person can withstand and overcome the influences of evil; while strength of body enables that person to physically carry out the conviction and disdain he has for wrong-doings.

A perfect example of this strength of body and mind might be found in a little episode that happened to a friend of mine called Jack. It seems that several months ago Jack moved to a new neighborhood. It was only natural that he should find new boys in this neighborhood with whom to play.

Three or four of these new friends of Jack had formed a so-called club and named it the Purple Mask. When Jack had become fairly acquainted with them, they asked him if he would like to join their club. Jack, of course, was quite happy and excited about receiving the invitation and said he would be very glad to become a member. He was informed to meet the other members at their club-house that night to become initiated.

That night he was told that in order to become a member, he would have to go down to the local grocery and fruit store and steal a large watermelon. Jack had the strength of mind and character to refuse to do such a thing. The leader of the Purple Mask threatened to "beat him up." But much to his surprise, it was Jack who did the "beating up"; so much so, that the club disbanded.

So always keep your body physically fit to cope with any obstacle that may arise to influence you to do evil. Strength of body and strength of mind generally go hand in hand, and with such a combination you can be assured that your character will be so strengthened as to cast aside everything that is not good!

A DANDY SUPERMAN EMBLEM FREE!! HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET IT!

1. If you are already a Member get three (3) of your friends to join the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA. Get 10c from each of them to cover the cost of mailing. 2. Print the 3 names, addresses and ages on the large coupon below and send it to Superman, c/o Action Comics 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City, together with the 30c. Also on this coupon print your Membership number and address. This is important!

SUPERMAN, c/o ACTION COMICS 480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Below are the names and addresses of three of my friends who wish to join SUPERMEN OF AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive the Superman Emblem Free of charge.

1. NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY & STATE _____

2. NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY & STATE _____

3. NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY & STATE _____

(BE SURE TO FILL IN YOUR NAME & NUMBER)
MY NAME IS _____ NO. _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY AND STATE _____

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE!

Code SATURN (No. 3)

MTSJXYD • FY • FQQ • YNRJX • NX •
FGXTQZYJQD • SJHJXXFWD • YT •
XYWJSLYMJS • TSJX • HMFWFHYJW

Those who are not members may join by filling out the coupon below.

SUPERMAN. NOV
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Charter Member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME _____ AGE _____
STREET ADDRESS _____
CITY AND STATE _____

FLASH!

SUPERMAN
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR!

READ THIS THRILLING
EPISODE IN 

THE ONE AND ONLY OFFICIALLY
LICENSED COMIC BOOK OF

THE NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR!



BUY
YOUR
COPIES
NOW!

W
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K!



A SECOND BIG BOOK OF
SUPERMAN!

BE SURE TO GET
YOUR COPY TODAY!

NOW ON SALE
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

PEP MORGAN

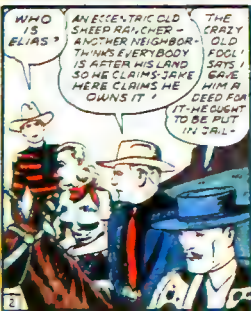
BY GENE BAXTER

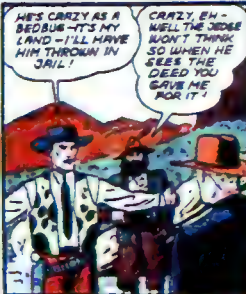
PEP HAS BEEN VACATIONING AT THE RANCH OF HIS WEALTHY FRIEND, MR. SMITH AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARY...

C'MON, PEP-
I'LL RACE YOU
TO THE CORRAL!

YOU'RE
ON!







HIS CRAZY AS A
BEDBUG - IT'S MY
LAND - I'LL HAVE
HIM THROWN IN
JAIL!

CRAZY, EH -
WELL THE JUDGE
WON'T THINK
SO WHEN HE
SEES THE
DEED YOU
GAVE ME
FOR IT!



ALL RIGHT ELIAS - WE
WON'T BOTHER YOU - CHON
FOLKS - HE'LL GET OVER
HIS FIT IN A DAY OR SO
AND WON'T EVEN
REMEMBER IT!



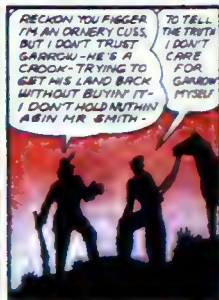
HED BETTER NOT -
I NEED THAT
WATERHOLE AND
HE'S NOT GOING
TO KEEP ME
FROM IT!



NEXT DAY...

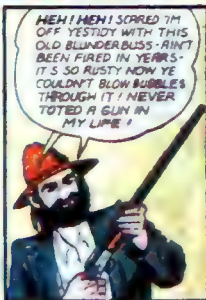
HELLO
THERE!

HOWDY,
YOUNG
FELLER!



RECKON YOU FIGGER
I'M AN ORDINARY CUSS,
BUT I DON'T TRUST
GARROW - HE'S A
CROOK - TRYING TO
GET HIS LAND BACK
WITHOUT BUYIN' IT -
I DON'T HOLD NUTHIN'
ASIN MR SMITH -

TO TELL
THE TRUTH
I DON'T
CARE
FOR
GARROW
MYSELF



HEH! HEH! I SCARED 'EM
OFF YESTIDY WITH THIS
OLD BLUNDERBUSS - AIN'T
BEEN FIRED IN YEARS -
IT'S SO RUSTY NOW YE
COULDN'T BLOW BUBBLES
THROUGH IT! NEVER
TOTTED A GUN IN
MY LIFE!



LATER - THE FOLLOWING DAY...

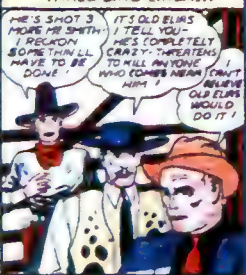
MR SMITH SOMEBODY'S
SHOT DOWN TWO HERD
OF CATTLE! AIN'T
'NO HUNGRY TRAMP
'CAUSE HE JUST LEFT
THEM LYING THERE!



SHOT THEM DOWN, EH?
I WONDER IF - WELL
NEVER MIND - TAKES
THE TRUCK OUT AND
TOTE THEM BACK -

IF THAT
ISN'T THE
CRUELEST
THING I
EVER
HEARD OF!

THREE DAYS LATER...



HE'S SHOT 3 MORE MR SMITH - I RECKON SOMETHIN'LL HAVE TO BE DONE!

IT'S OLD ELIAS I TELL YOU - HE'S COMPLETELY CRAZY - THREATENS TO KILL ANYONE WHO COMES NEAR HIM!

I CAN'T BELIEVE OLD ELIAS WOULD DO IT!



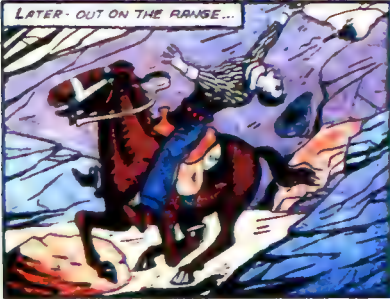
HE OUGHT TO BE PUT AWAY, I TELL YOU - YOU'VE GOT GOOD REASON TO DO IT!



WHAT'LL WE DO, MR SMITH?

NOTHING FOR THE PRESENT, SAM - I WANT MORE PROOF THAT ELIAS DID IT - YOU MIGHT PUT ON A FEW MORE COWHANDS THOUGH!

LATER - OUT ON THE RANGE...



THE MASKED FIGURE OF THE ASSASSIN RIDES AWAY - AND APPARENTLY LOSES HIS HAT...



HEY EDDIE WAKE UP - GOOD LORD - HE'S BEEN SHOT!

ANOTHER COWBOY FINDS THE BODY OF HIS BUDY -



I'M SORRY MEN - HE'S GONE WEST - THIS BULLET DID IT -

WE KNOW WHO DID IT DOC - ELIAS JONES!



THAT'S RIGHT - THAT HAT WE FOUND - THOSE WERE THE INITIALS - "E J"

COME ON MEN - LET'S GET HIM - THE MURDERER!

WAIT-
DON'T TAKE THE
LAW INTO YOUR
OWN HANDS,
MEN!

CANT STOP THEM
NOW - I M AFRAID
LET'S SEE THE
BULLET, DOCTOR!

HERE IT IS -
IT WAS LODGED
NEAR HIS
HEART!

SAY - I'VE JUST REMEMBERED
SOMETHING - I'VE GOT TO STOP
THEM FROM HARMING ELIAS
HE DIDNT DO THIS
THING -

IS THIS
YOURN?

YES BUT
IT WAS
STOLEN-

YOU KILLED
EDDIE - WE'RE
WASTING TIME
MEN - LET'S
STRING HIM
UP!

WAIT - DON'T HURT
ME - I NEVER
KILLED
NOBODY! HE'S
LYING -
LET'S GO!

UNDER GARROW'S DIRECTION
THE COWBOYS GET READY
TO HANG ELIAS -

HOLD ON MEN -
ELIAS DIDNT COMMIT
THIS CRIME OR
ANY OTHER!

GET ON WITH YOUR
WORK MEN - PAY NO
ATTENTION TO THIS
MISERABLE
TENDERFOOT -

WHAT
MAKES
YE THINK
HE DIDNT
DO IT?

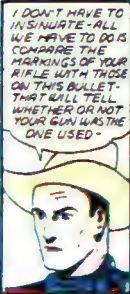


THIS BULLET IS FROM AN UP TO DATE GRISSON AUTOMATIC RIFLE - ELIAS ONLY HAS AN OLD SHOT-GUN AND IT'S RUSTY AT THAT!



GARROW'S THE ONLY MAN AROUND HERE WHO OWNS A GRISSON-

THAT'S RIGHT - ARE YOU INSINUATING I SHOT HIM?



I DON'T HAVE TO INSINUATE - ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS COMPARE THE MARKINGS OF YOUR RIFLE WITH THOSE ON THIS BULLET - THAT WILL TELL WHETHER OR NOT YOUR GUN WAS THE ONE USED -



GARROW'S THE ONE WHO DID IT! HE'S TRYING TO PIN IT ON ME SO'S HE CAN GRAB MY LAND WHEN I'M OUTA THE WAY!



STOP HIM - HE'S THE MURDERER!

HE'S RUNNIN' AWAY - HE MUST A DONE IT ALLRIGHT!



LET'S SEE IF I'VE STILL GOT THE OLD CONTROL!



YA GOT 'IM!



NO ROUGH STUFF NOW MEN - WE'LL LET THE LAW HANDLE THIS RAT -

YOU'RE THE BOSS - WE'RE SURE GLAD YOU SAVED US FROM MAKIN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE -

YORE GLAD - HOWDY RECKON I FEEL 'EF IT HADN'T BEEN FER THIS YOUNG FELLER I'D BE MIGHTY SHORT OF BREATH RIGHT NOW!

THE END

"CHUCK DAWSON"

BY H. FLEMING



TRYING TO
REIN IN
THE
WITCH-HAIL.
CHUCK
STARTS FOR
THE DOOR
OF THE
SILVER GULCH
HOTEL -
PRESENTLY
HIS ATTENTION
IS DIRECTED
TO A COUPLE
OF HORSE MEN
RIDING UP TO
THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE -



"I LOOK LIKE
THE SHERIFF
AND A DEPUTY -
THEY ARE LEADING
ANOTHER HORSE -"



LASHED TO THE SADDLE OF THE LIMP HORSE,
IS THE LIMP BODY OF A MAN -



LOOKS LIKE
SOME NOMBAS
HAS STOPPED
LEAD - THEY'RE
TAKING HIS
BODY INSIDE

AS
CHUCK
STARTS
TO WALK
OVER
TOWARDS
THE
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE,
HE HEARS
HIS NAME
CALLED
FROM
A
DOORWAY



HELLO,
CHUCK
DAWSON.



WELL, HANDED
JAUNTILY BART
JACKSON -



LIFT YOUR HANDS JACKSON - I'M CHARGIN'
YOU WITH THE KILLIN' OF LAFE COLLINS

CHUCK IS INTERRUPTED BY THE RASPING
VOICE OF THE SHERIFF -

WHY, SHERIFF, YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO - I HAVEN'T SEEN COLLINS FOR TWO WEEKS -

LOOK HERE, JACKSON, EVERYBODY KNOWS THERE'S BEEN PRODDY REBUNS BETWEEN YOU AN' HIM SINCE THAT BOUNDARY ROW YOU HAD - HE WAS FOUND NEAR YOUR SIDE LINE.

DON'T FERGIT ABOUT THE .44 SHELL WE PICKED UP NEAR THE SHOOTIN' -

JACKSON PAKES A AL - HE KILLED COLLINS AND THE DOUBLE-A HANDS ARE TAKIN' HIM OVER, SHERIFF

AT THIS POINT, SPECK BILL, FOREMAN OF THE DOUBLE-A RANCH OWNED BY COLLINS SHOULDERS HIMSELF FORWARD -

NO YOU DON'T, THE LAW'S GOT HIM AND HE'S GETTIN' A FAIR TRIAL - I'LL DRILL THE FIRST ONE THAT TRIES ANYTHING

I'M WITH YOU ON THAT, SHERIFF - JACKSON'S ENTITLED TO FAIR PLAY -

LOOK HERE, TENDER FOOT, WE DON'T COTTON TO STRANGERS BUTTIN' IN TO OUR AFFAIRS -

SUDDENLY, GILL'S FIST FLASHES OUT, WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, LANDING WITH A THUD ON THE SIDE OF CHUCK'S FACE

CRACK



GILL SWINGS AGAIN WITH A VICIOUS LEFT BUT MISSES -



BEFORE HE CAN RECOVER HIS BALANCE, CHUCK, LIFTS HIM OFF OF HIS FEET WITH A TERRIFIC RIGHT -



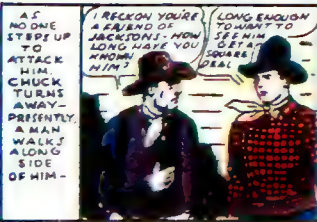
ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO TAKE UP THIS ARGUMENT?



COLLINS WAS WELL LIKED - THAT CROWD IN A NIGHT UGLY HUMOR - YOU'RE LUCKY I GOT YOU HERE. JACKSON

'TSA FARE-OF SHERIFF'

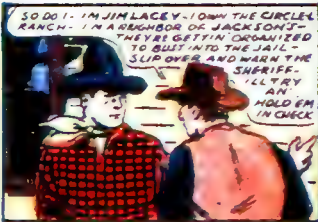
MEANWHILE, THE SHERIFF, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE RUMPUS SLIPS AWAY WITH HIS PRISONER TO THE JAIL -



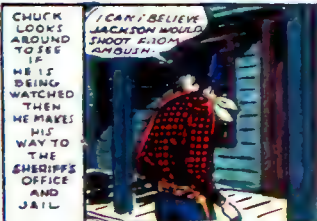
AS NO ONE STEPS UP TO ATTACK HIM, CHUCK TURNS AWAY - PRESENTLY, A MAN WALKS ALONG SIDE OF HIM -

I RECKON YOU'RE A FRIEND OF JACKSON'S - HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN HIM?

LONG ENOUGH TO WANT TO SEE HIM GET A SQUARE DEAL



SO DO I - I'M JIM LACEY - I OWN THE CIRCLE RANCH - IN A NEIGHBOR OF JACKSON'S - THEY'RE GETTIN' ORGANIZED TO BUST INTO THE JAIL - SLIP OVER AND WARN THE SHERIFF - I'LL TRY AN' HOLD EM IN CHECK



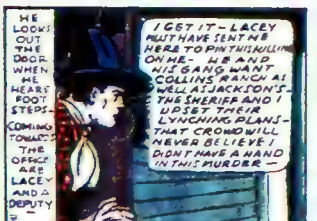
CHUCK LOOKS AROUND TO SEE IF HE IS BEING WATCHED THEN HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND JAIL

I CAN'T BELIEVE JACKSON WOULD SHOOT FROM A MOUTH



GREAT SCOTT IT'S THE SHERIFF

CHUCK IS AMAZED TO FIND A BODY LYING ON THE FLOOR OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE -



HE LOOKS OUT THE DOOR WHEN HE HEARS FOOT STEPS. COMING TOWARDS THE OFFICE ARE LACEY AND A DEPUTY -

I GET IT - LACEY MUST HAVE SENT ME HERE TO PIN THE KILLING ON ME - HE AND HIS GANG WANT COLLINS RANCH AS WELL AS JACKSON'S - THE SHERIFF AND I UPSET THEIR LYNCHING PLANS - THAT CROWD WILL NEVER BELIEVE I DIDN'T HAVE A HAND IN THIS MURDER -

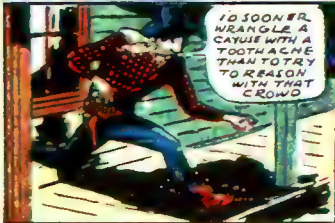


QUICKLY CLOSING THE DOOR, CHUCK AWAITS THEM - AS THE DEPUTY ENTERS HE DRIVES HIS FIST TO HIS CHIN AND LEAPS PAST HIM.

LACEY
MAKES
A
DIVE
FOR
CHUCK
BUT
A
SLEDGE
HAMMER
BLOW
SCOTTS
HIM
SPRAWLING
ON
HIS
BACK



IT'S SOONER
WRANGLE
A
CAYUSE WITH A
TOOTHACHE
THAN TO TRY
TO REASON
WITH THAT
CROWD



BLOCKED
FROM
REACHING
HIS
HORSE,
STANDING
IN FRONT
OF THE
HOTEL
CHUCK
TURNS
INTO
AN ALLEY
AND
SWINGS
UP ON
A
SHED
ROOF



SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT
THOSE GENTS-
THEY'LL HAVE
TO GET SOMEONE
ELSE TO LYNCH

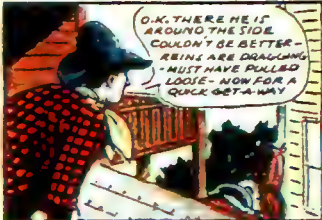


THE NEXT ONE
IS THE HOTEL

LEAPING
FROM
THE
HOTEL
ROOF
TO THE
TOP OF
THE PORCH
CHUCK
IS
STARTLED
TO FIND
THAT
BLACKY
IS NOT
AT THE
HYDRA-RAIL



HANG IT-
WHERE'S MY
HORSE?

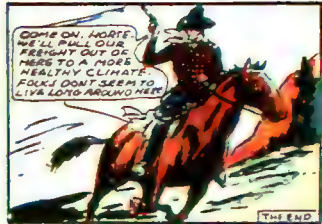


O.K. THERE HE IS
AROUND THE SIDE
COULDN'T BE BETTER-
REINS ARE DRAGGING
- MUST HAVE PULLED
LOOSE- NOW FOR A
QUICK GET-A-WAY



STOP
HIM!

THAT'S
THE
KILLER



COME ON, HORSE-
WE'LL PULL OUR
FREIGHT OUT OF
HERE TO A MORE
HEALTHY CLIMATE.
FOLKS DON'T SEEM TO
LIVE LONG AROUND HERE

THE END



IN THE LAST INSTALLMENT
CLIP CARSON HAD RESCUED
AN OLD FRIEND, RAJAH CHUNDA,
FROM A MURDEROUS CLAN
CALLED THE CULT OF THE TIGER.

AT CHUNDA'S PALACE, CLIP
MEETS JAFFER, HIS BROTHER,
AND PANJOR, A COUSIN.
WHILE SPEAKING WITH CHUNDA
ALONE, HE HEARD A NOISE
OUTSIDE THE DOOR.
HE QUICKLY THREW
IT OPEN...



GOOD EVENING SAHIB.
IT IS SO WARM
THESE NIGHTS, THAT
I THOUGHT YOU AND
MY MASTER WOULD
LIKE A COOL
DRINK.



THANK YOU
THAT WAS VERY
THOUGHTFUL.
CLIP THIS IS
MY MAN -
SERVANT
NAKIR.

I NOTICE YOU'RE
WEARING THE
CLAW OF AN
ANIMAL AROUND
YOUR NECK.
TIGER'S
ISN'T IT?



IT IS THE CLAW OF A TIGER. IT IS
MY GOOD LUCK CHARM TO PROTECT
ME FROM HARM. THERE IS ALWAYS
DANGER OF SOME SORT IN
INDIA - GOOD NIGHT
SAHIB.



SURELY YOU DON'T
SUSPECT NAKIR.
LISTENED AT THE
DOOR. HE IS A GOOD
SERVANT I AM
SURE OF IT!



PERHAPS HE IS, BUT THAT
TIGER CLAW... I'LL LEAVE
YOU NOW. I'M GOING
DOWNSTAIRS.



LATER, CLIP TALKS WITH
PANJOE IN THE LIBRARY

QUIET DOWN
HERE. ISN'T
IT P. AND
PEACEFUL

PEACEFUL? PERHAPS
IT WAS ON SUCH A
NIGHT AS THIS MY UNCLE
WAS KILLED! WE
WERE ALL
SITTING



WHEN SUDDENLY WE
HEARD... WHAT THE
IT IS THE SAME AS
THAT NIGHT! CHUNGA
WILL BE KILLED!

OH, YEAH!
I'LL
SEE ABOUT
THAT



CLIP THROWS OPEN CHUNG'S
DOOR AND SEES

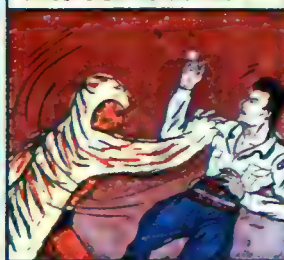


THE TIGER MAN TURNS AND IS REVEALED AS HE REALLY IS

SO THIS IS WHAT YOU
LOOK LIKE. EHP
TIGER SKIN. RAZOR-
SHARP STEEL CLAWS, AND
A KNIFE TO MAKE SURE
YOUR
VICTIMS
DIE!



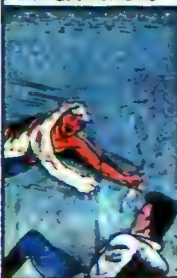
THE TIGER MAN LASHES OUT WITH A
DEADLY STEEL-CLAWED HAND



AS HE STEPS BACK...
CLIP SUDDENLY TRIPS



THE TIGER-MAN LEAPS



WHO JUST MANAGES TO GET
HIS GUN OUT IN TIME!



BOY! YOU'RE
GOING TO MAKE
A SWELL
RUG!



THE FIGURE CREEPS OUT OF THE HOUSE INTO THE JUNGLE WITH CLIP NOT FAR BEHIND.

SUDDENLY AS CLIP PASSES A BUSH

HE WAS FOLLOWING YOU SHALL WE KILL HIM

NO! BRING HIM TO THE TEMPLE WE WILL DISPOSE OF HIM THERE

THE TIGER MEN WALK ON UNTIL THEY COME TO A HILL AND ENTER A YAWNING CAVE THAT IS CLEVERLY HIDDEN BY THE OVERHANGING BRANCHES OF A TREE

INTO THE VERY BOWELS OF THE EARTH THEY GO UNTIL THEY ENTER THE TEMPLE OF THE "TIGER CULT"

CLIP IS DRAGGED UP THE STEPS AND AS HE OPENS HIS EYES

AH! PANJORE AND JAFFEER. PARTNERS IN CRIME. I SUSPECTED IT!

YOU PANJORE, WANTED TO BE HEIR TO THE ESTATE. JAFFEER WAS TO BE GIVEN A SHARE TOO AND THESE CUTTHROATS WERE HIRED TO PLAY THE PART OF A REVIVAL OF A LONG DEAD TIGER CULT

-AND YOU JAFFEER KILLING YOUR OWN FATHER AND BROTHER! POOL I WAS A STEPSON. THAT IS WHY CHILDREN RECEIVED THE ESTATE. I HATED THEM BOTH

AND WHAT DOES ONE
DEATH MORE OR LESS MATTER?
IF YOU DIE I ALONE WILL
SHARE THE ESTATE. TIGER
MEN. TAKE HIM TO THE
SACRIFICIAL ALTAR.

NO, NO.
DON'T
LET THEM.
PLEASE
SPARE ME,
PLEASE!



THE TIGER MEN BIND JAFFER
AND CARRY HIM UP THE STEPS...



...TO THE SACRIFICIAL STONE.
THE HIGH PRIEST STANDS OVER
TERRIFIED JAFFER.

CLIP TURNS HIS FACE AWAY AS THE HIGH PRIEST
RAKES JAFFER WITH HIS STEEL CLAWS...



...AND NOW MR. CLIP CARSON... YOU
TOO SHALL BE SACRIFICED
AT THE ALTAR! BIND HIM
AND TAKE HIM TO THE
HIGH PRIEST!



AS THE TWO MEN ADVANCE CLIP HEAVES
MIGHTILY WITH HIS ARMS...

NOT THIS
TIME, BOYS.

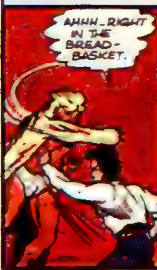


AS THE TIGER MEN PURSUE
HIM, CLIP RACES UP THE
STEPS TOWARD THE
HIGH PRIEST.



CLIP DUCKS AS THE HIGH
PRIEST LUNGES AT HIM.

AAHH... RIGHT
IN THE
BREAD-
BASKET.



SUDDENLY CLIP HEARS SOUNDS OF TERROR...
TURNS AND SEES... ELEPHANTS



-AND AS "NO FRIENDS CHUNDA
AND NAKIR UPON THEM"



PANJORE TEARS HIMSELF LOOSE...
BUT TRIPS AND FALLS...



PANJORE IS TAKEN AS THE
TIGER MEN FLEE

CHUNDA!
ALIVE.

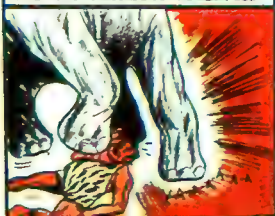
YES, AND VERY
MUCH SO I WAS
ONLY WOUNDED SO
CLIP SUGGESTED I
PLAY DEAD AND SEE
WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN.



IS SO. I OVERHEARD YOU
AND JAFFER DISCUSS YOUR
PLOT. WHEN THE TIGER-MEN
TRIED TO KILL MY MASTER I
WANTED TO GET REVENGE,
AND FOLLOWED CLIP AND
JAFFER HERE TO THE
TEMPLE, WITH MY
MASTER



... IN THE PATH OF THE HUGE ELEPHANT, IT
IS THE END OF THE LEADER OF THE TIGER CULT



THE NEXT DAY

BUT MUST
YOU GO
SO SOON,
CLIP.

NO USE STAYING. IT'S
"OO PEACEFUL HERE
NOW. I'VE GOT TO GO
WHERE THERE'S DANGER
AFRICA, CHINA... WHO
KNOWS



WATCH FOR
A NEW
THRILLING
ADVENTURE
OF THE DEVIL-
MAY-CARE
CLIP

CARSON
NEXT MONTH



IENSELSY and with hearts filled with apprehension, the officials of the Oceanic Skyway Company waited breathlessly as the radio operator adjusted the dials of the receiving set and then leaned forward in an effort to catch some hopeful sound from the mouth of the loudspeaker. An occasional crackle of static was all that could be distinguished and the perspiring officials sank back in their leather chairs, exhausted and disappointed.

"I can't seem to contact them at all," said the radio operator. "Either something's gone wrong with their sending apparatus or else..."

He never finished the last line but all in the room knew exactly what he meant. The Northern Clipper, the newest and largest passenger plane of the Oceanic Skyway Company, had taken off early that morning for the first non-stop passenger flight to France. The vessel had been packed with spectators, state and federal officials, and with the army band playing a stirring marching song, the huge glistening leviathan of the skies rolled along the concrete runway and then lifted itself into the heavens.

Higher and higher it rose, pointing its nose eastward toward the turbulent Atlantic and the distant coast of Europe, 3,000 miles away. Presently the huge plane and its seventeen occupants (two co-pilots, a stewardess and fourteen passengers) faded into the cloud-dusted sky and became hidden from sight.



Smith and Crowley, veteran pilots of the company and the ones at the helm of the Northern Clipper, had been instructed to keep in touch constantly with the mainland by means of their radio. Thus they did for the entire morning and all through the afternoon till ten minutes after three o'clock.

It was approximately at three o'clock that the officials of the company, gathered together in an office in the administration building at the flying field, first received the startling word that the air-liner had developed a leak in the fuel line.

"The leak doesn't appear to be serious," Smith's voice came over the ether waves and, through the loud speaker. "However, I'm shutting off the port engine and Crowley is now outside the cabin attempting to fix it. I'll call back in a few minutes with further information."

Uneasy glances passed from one official to another and they waited nervously for the voice of the pilot to be heard again. Fully eight minutes passed before Smith cut in and hurriedly told them that the leak was more serious than he and Crowley anticipated.

"We're rapidly losing fuel for the port engine," he said tensely. "The starboard engine has developed a decided knock that has me worried... it's evidently due to the strain caused by the failure of the

other engine."

In the administration building room, Manager Burke tried to be as calm as possible. "Do the passengers know of the trouble as yet?"

"They will soon," replied Smith. "We're descending steadily despite all efforts to gain altitude."

Burke passed a shaking hand across a moist brow. "In heaven's name, Smith do your utmost to keep the plane in the air... we're all depending on you!"

Smith could be heard to laugh rather mirthlessly. "Don't worry, Mr. Burke. I'll do more than my best to keep off the water! Even from here those waves look like—"

The voice of the pilot of the Northern Clipper was suddenly cut off with an abruptness that left the men in the room stunned for many seconds. Burke leaped to his feet and hurried over to the radio operator. He fairly shouted into the other's ear: "What happened? Get Smith back on the air again... get in touch with him, for heaven's sake!"

The operator worked frantically at the instruments but to no avail. The one avenue of communication had been severed and the giant searliner glided across the desolate reaches of the Atlantic, unseen and unknown, and for all intents like a space ship in the vast voidness between the planets of the universe.

Tried as they did, the officials of

the company were unable to contact the Northern Clipper. Reporters and interested spectators waiting outside in the reception room for first-hand information about the progress of the flight, became more and more inquisitive and curious when the reports ceased to appear.

THREE hours passed and then the radio operator miraculously picked up a faint sound from the stricken airliner. Barely audible, he strained every ounce in his body to catch the message. It came through his earphones in short terse sentences. "Forced to land, sea extremely rough. Left wing partly submerged. Passengers very brave and calm. Crowley suffering from possible broken leg. I can't say how long we'll remain afloat."

Smith gave his position as somewhere in the north Atlantic about 600 miles east of Nova Scotia. Then the sound grew less and less and finally static burst through and the contact was lost again.

Burke immediately summoned Pete Maloney, a daredevil pilot and holder of innumerable cups and trophies that fell far short of doing justice to his ability as a top-notch

"Pete there'll be \$10,000 in cash waiting here for you if you go out in one of our other transport ships and bring those stricken people back safely", Will you do it?"

"Whether it's \$10 or \$10,000 doesn't matter," said Pete. "I'll fly out and pick up those people if it's the last thing I ever do."

They rolled out a huge amphibian and Pete quickly charted a course on a small map. Then he jumped into the cabin, throttled the motor and roared away on his mission of mercy. The news and purpose of his departure spread like a proverbial wild-fire and all the world waited expectantly for the outcome.

Out over the Atlantic he flew, his keen eyes scanning the white-capped waves for a sign of the Northern Clipper. Black thunderclouds rolled across the horizon ahead of him and presently a curtain of wind-driven rain splashed itself against the glass of the cabin. Fortunately through the gray haze of the rain he could still see the rough surface of the ocean. And then it was that he sighted the half-submerged form of the Northern Clipper.

He circled around and the sound of his plane brought eager faces to

the windows of the drenched airliner. The chances of landing safely in such a running sea were rather slim but Pete grimly nosed his plane down. He landed on the crest of a wave and bounced ten or fifteen feet in the air before another ponderous wall of water rushed up and almost turned the amphibian on its side.

Skilfully he righted the plane and taxied alongside the Northern Clipper. Smith, the pilot, stood on the wing and made the planes fast. Then the passengers were transferred one by one, Crowley being carried in because of his leg injury.

Seven hours later Pete landed the amphibian at the airport and was immediately besieged by reporters, photographers, newsreel cameramen and radio news announcers. Great newspaper presses were stopped to change the headlines and soon the "extras" were being circulated throughout the country proclaiming Pete Maloney a hero.

But with all the publicity, Pete merely grinned and chewed on his wad of gum. "Hero nothing! Why, I'm just a second rate pilot, who hasn't enough brains to come out of it." "rain." "I'm just lucky, that's all!"

THE END

**Tod's
Broke
Writes
Jazz
Now
Money
and
Prizes
Are
Coming
to
Him**






BIG PRIZES

AND CASH PROFITS FOR BOYS

Mail the Coupon to Get Started at Once

FILL your pockets with cash, buy the things you want, and a bank account. Earn big money, big prizes, including sound and athletic equipment, printing press, typewriter, movie camera, or camera. Buy the goods you'll be taking down the street on this Basic, low-price plan with all the latest equipment! Start making MONEY and earning PRIZES at once. It's easy. In your spare time just do our personal inducements to customers where you stand up your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. You can, too. Mail the coupon



John Thayer, Dept. 555
The Gravel-Editor Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

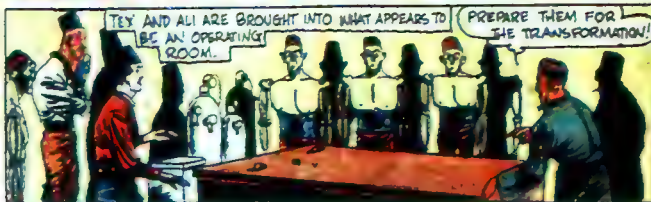
Under this plan you can get the M. N. K. and other big prizes and money which could cost you \$100.00 or more. You can get it all for just \$1.00.

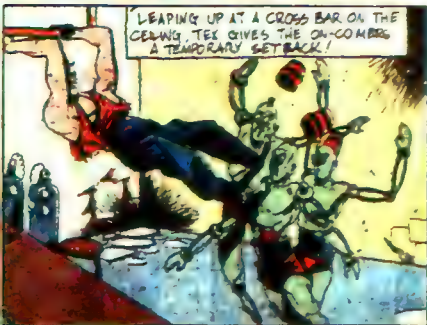
Name _____
Address _____
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SYNOPSIS....

ARRIVING IN CONSTANTINOPLE, TEX THOMSON ACCEPTS THE TURKISH PRIME-MINISTER'S PLEA FOR AID IN HELPING HIM RUN DOWN THE PARTIES PLANNING TO DESTROY A FRIENDLY NATION'S NAVAL SHIPS ANCHORED IN TURKISH WATERS... HIS SEARCH CAUSES HIM TO RUN ACROSS THE ONE-EYED GORRAH... TEX AND ALI ARE CAPTURED... THE GORRAH RECOGNIZES TEX...







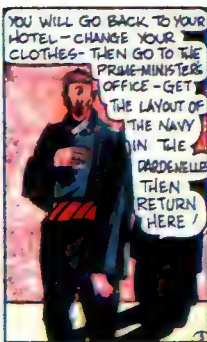
BUT BEFORE THE GORRAH CAN UTTER THE COMMAND.

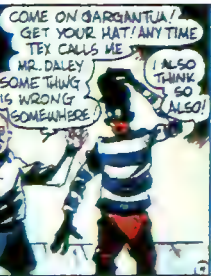
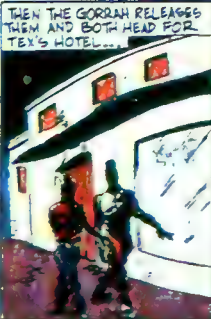


TEX IS PLACED IN A TREMENDOUS BELL JAR.



...AGAINST HIS WILL TEX LOOKS AT THE GORRAH. A DIZZINESS OVERCOMES HIM...





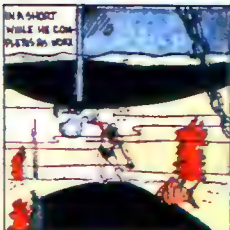






CLIMBING DOWN THE WHARF LADDER TEX DESCENDS INTO THE WATER.

... THEN FOLLOWING THE GORRAH'S INSTRUCTIONS HE HEADS FOR THE PLACES DESIGNATED ON THE MAP... AND IN EACH INSTANCE HE FINDS A SHIP....



THEN HEADING BACK HE REACHES THE LADDER AND CLIMBS UP...



IT IS AS THE MASTER ORDERS! EACH PROPELLOR CONTAINS A TIME EXPLOSIVE

GOOD! NOW HE CAN RETURN

MEANWHILE BOB AND GARGANTUA STILL ARE WAITING FOR TEX TO COME OUT OF THE PRIME-MINISTER'S BUILDING

WE CAN'T BE IN THERE SO LONG! HE MUST OF LEFT ANOTHER WAY!

SH! GOK' BONES HEADING THIS WAY!

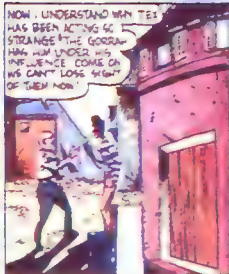


GEE WHO IT IS! MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT GEEK! I WOULDN'T WANT TEX TO KNOW WE'RE FOLLOWING HIM!



IS IT--- SAY- WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MR BOB! TAKE A LOOK AND IF YOU-ALL GEE WHAT I SAW YOU'LL LOOK LAX'N FEELS!



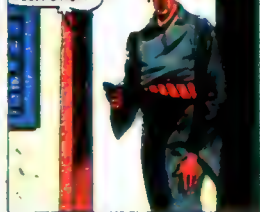
SEEING GADGANTUA'S DILEMMA, BOB
RUSHES TO HIS AID.... A SHARD LEFT
HOOK AND THE THING GOES DOWN



GOSH! WHAT A STRANGE
LOOKING 'THING' THIS
IS PROBABLY ONE OF
THE GORRAH'S CREATION



YES, MR. DALEY, ONE OF
MY CREATIONS! AND
SOON I SHALL HAVE
TWO MORE TO MY
COLLECTION!



NOW IF YOU WILL
PLEASE GO THROUGH
THAT DOOR!



BOSS, THIS IS ONE TIME
AM I WASTING AN
HERE WHERE
AM AUNT!



NOW LOOK HERE, GORRAH!
OL' BOY - CAN'T WE TALK
THIS OVER?



THIS IS NO TIME
FOR LEVITY! IT IS
USELESS TO WASTE
YOUR BREATH! YOU CAN-
NOT SWAY ME FROM
MY
PURPOSE!

NOW FOR AN IRONICAL
TOUCH FOR YOUR UNTIMELY
ENDING YOUR OWN FRIEND
WILL AID ME IN DESTROYING
YOU! THOMSON! COME HERE!



YOU CALLED, MASTER?

YES! PREPARE YOUR FRIENDS
FOR THE TRANS-
FORMATION!

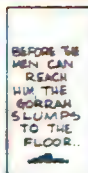
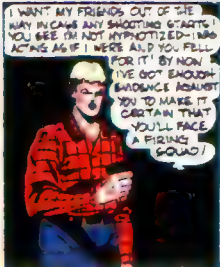


TEX TURING TO
HIS FRIENDS...

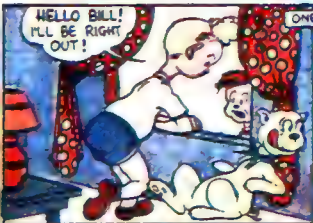
LIE DOWN BEHIND
THAT STEEL
TABLE!

TEX! DON'T YOU
KNOW ME - IT'S
IT'S BOB!

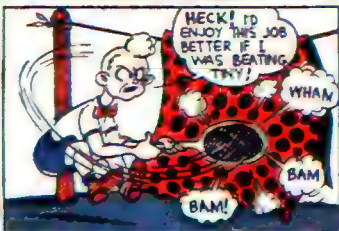
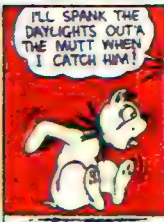




BUT IS THE 'GORRAH' REALLY DEAD? ... WATCH FOR THE NEW **TEX THOMSON** ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!!



ONE SECOND LATER



MINIATURE REPRODUCTION
OF THIS MONTH'S
COVER!

ON
SALE
NOW
AT ALL
NEWS
STANDS



FOR EVERY MEMBER OF
THE FAMILY!

BOYS! GIRLS! If you like
ACTION, THRILLS, MYSTERY
and **ADVENTURE**, be sure to
get this month's issue of
MOVIE COMICS!!

Read "The Phantom Creeps"
Enter the Big Exciting Contest
FREE "PHANTOM" BUTTON
TO ALL ENTRANTS!

Also in this issue!!!

THE REAL GLORY... IN OLD MONTEREY...
THE UNDERDOG... MUTINY ON THE
BLACK HAWK... THE CHUMPS AT
OYFORD... OREGON TRAIL and SHORTS



GIFTS for YOU!

GET IT FIRST! Why wait until Christ-
mas? Do like thousands of others.
Get fine prizes for yourself NOW!
Also gifts for Mother and Dad—
without a cent of cost.

WIN PRIZES FIRST! and many others in our Big Prize Sheet is yours for
sending 40 Xmas Packs at 15¢ each. Each pack contains 16 sparkling
Xmas Seals. With each return the money and receive your prize
It is sent to you **AT ONCE**. Send coupon **TODAY** for Xmas Packs
and Start Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from. **SEND
NO MONEY - WE TRUST YOU!**

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, Dept. 973, LANCASTER, PA.



AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 973, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and 40
Christmas Packs. I will send them at 15¢ each,
and you the money promptly, and get my prize.

Name R. F. D. Box
or Street No.

City

State

THREE ACES

by
J



FOO
FORTUNE

WINNER
BILL

WINNER
WILL



1937

WAR IN SPAIN

THROWN TOGETHER IN THIS STRIKE THREE
WINGED SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE ... SICK OF
WAR ... FUTILITY AND TRAGEDY ... FLEEING
THEMSELVES TO A NEW KIND OF ADVENTURE ...

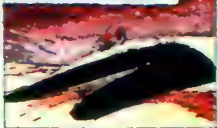
AND THEN THEY CAME TO REIGN THE GLOBE,
WORKING FOR PEACE AND SANITY ... HELPING
HERE ... HELPING THERE ... SPREADING THEIR
BIT OF GOOD AND WINNING THE TITLE "THREE ACES"



BUT TODAY THE THREE ACES LAND IN BAGHDAD ...



THEY HAVE LEARNED THAT
PLANES OUT OF BAGHDAD HAVE
BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARING -
SOMEWHERE IN THE GREAT
SAND WASTES - AND THE CROWN
HAS OFFERED A REWARD FOR
DEFINITE INFORMATION -



LITTLE DOES THE TRIO REALIZE THAT THEIR
OWN PLANES ARE BEING HACKED BY EVIL DE
THIENS -

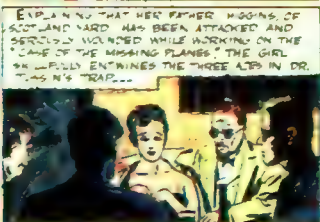


"THREE VERY FINE
FIGHTING SHIPS ...
THEY WOULD BRING
A FAT PRICE EH
- HANDED?"

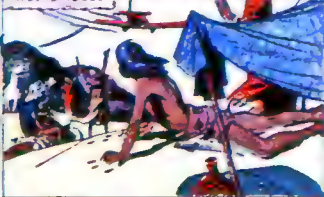


"MEET
MASTER" - BUT
-- ALL THREE --





ALTERING THE COURSE A BIT, THE THREE AGES INVESTIGATE...



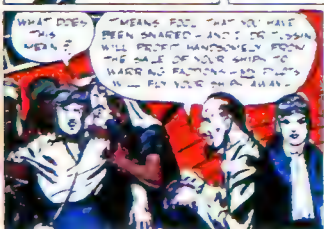
BY INTER-RADIO PHONE WHISTLER SPEAKS TO GUNNER AND FOOL...



SCORPION GUNNER IS LAST TO LAND - AS HE DOES, SHOOTING HORSEMEN CHARGE FROM CONCEALMENT - AS ONE THE OTHER MEN ARISE AND ATTACK THE PLANE -



THROTLING HIS SHOT GUNNER ESCAPES...



AND AT THAT INSTANT GUNNER FIRES BRING INTO A MAN OF HORSEMEN...



QUICK! NO THE CAPTURED PLANE - AFTER...



THEN TAKE THE PRISONERS
IN THE OPEN. - PUT BAYONETS
- THEM - THAT WILL STOP
M.M.



WELL THEN -
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
NOW?

I SHALL DO NOTHING MY
CAPTIVE BUT ALLOW YOUR
FRIEND TO EXHAUST HIS
PERFECT - THEN I SHALL HAVE
M.M. AND HIS PLANE - YOU
SEE I ALWAYS WIN -



REALIZING HIS COMRADES WILL BE KILLED IF HE
ATTACKS GUNNER CIRCLES ABOVE --- FIRING
ONLY WHEN THE GROUND ATTEMPTS TO DISBAND
AND SCATTER ---



WITHIN A CIRCLE OF SAVAGE TRIBESMEN WHISTLER
AND FOG ENDURE THE DEADLOCK --- ALL SEEMS
LOST --- PRESENTLY WHISTLER SIGNALS GUNNER TO
GO AWAY - SAVE HIMSELF - BUT GUNNER PERSISTS
IN CIRCLING --- CIRCLING ---



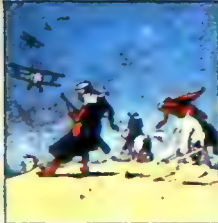
AT LAST HIS MOTOR COUGHS --- SPITTERS --- STOPS! - AMID SHOUTS
OF JOY THE TRIBESMEN MOUNT AND TRAIL THEIR CRIPPLED
PREY ---



--- FAILING TO SEE OR HEAR
AN APPROACHING FLIGHT OF
BRITISH PLANES -



CAUGHT OFF GUARD THE CAMP BECAME A BEGGAR OF MADNESS...



PROTECTED BY FIGHTERS A BOMBER LANDS A PICKED SQUAD OF MEN ARMED WITH SUB-MACHINE GUNS...



IN THE PEAV WHISTLER AND FOG HAVE OPPORTUNITY TO PURSUE FLEEING DR. TUSSEN AND THE GIRL -



IN A FEW MINUTES IT IS ALL OVER - THE TRIBESMEN SURRENDER - DR. TUSSEN AND THE GIRL ARE CAUGHT - AND THE THREE AGES ARE BEING CONGRATULATED BY THE FLIGHT LEADER -



CREDIT GUNNER! - HE'S THE BOY WHO ESCAPED AND REDEED YOU WHEN WE HAD LOST ALL HOPE!

GOOD MOLD GUNNER! - 'E HAWKAY COME-THROUGH



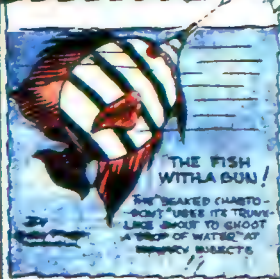
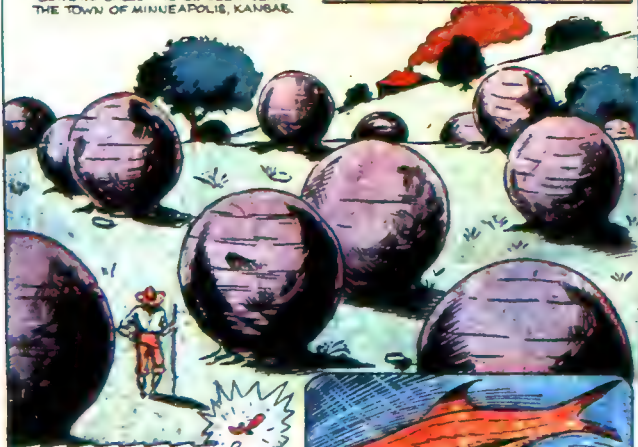
NEXT DAY WITH REWARD IN POCKET AND SATISFACTION IN HEART, THE THREE AGES TAKE OFF FROM BAGDAD - ADVENTURE ROUNDS



FANTASTIC FACTS

NATURE'S BOWLING GREEN

FATHER TIME AND THE ELEMENTS HAVE FASHIONED THESE GIGANTIC BOWLING BALLS—TO BE SEEN NEAR THE TOWN OF MINNEAPOLIS, KANSAS.



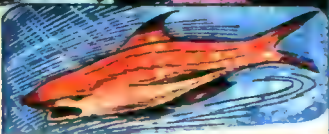
THE FISH WITH A GUN!

THE BEAKED CHART-BOMB "USES ITS TRUNK-LIKE MOUTH TO SHOOT A DROP OF WATER" AT ENEMY SUBJECTS //



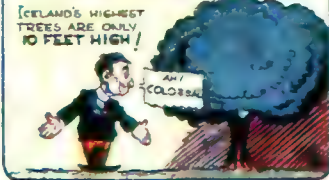
NO JOY IN VICTORY

AFTER BEATING THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, GENERAL GRANT MET ITS COMMANDER. GRANT SAID: "I REMEMBER I OWE YOU \$20 FROM WEST POINT DAYS."



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS THE SAVAGE SHARK HUNTS ITS PREY CHIEFLY BY ITS ACUTE SENSE OF SMELL //

ICELAND'S HIGHEST TREES ARE ONLY 10 FEET HIGH!



Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN AND THE ATLANTIS MYSTERY

AMONG THE MYTHS OF THIS WORLD OF OURS IS THE TALE OF THE LOST CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS. IT WAS SITUATED BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA AND WAS DESTROYED BY THE OCEAN THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO. LEGEND SAYS IT POSSESSED A HIGH STATE OF CIVILIZATION, ALMOST LIKE OUR OWN.....



"STRANGE HOW
THAT WOMAN
SEEMS TO
RECALL
SOMEONE
TO MY
MIND!"



ZATARA: DO YOU REMEMBER ME?
QUEEN SETAP OF ORPH?
YOU DESTROYED MY CITY
BY YOUR MAGIC - BUT I
REGAINED MY YOUTH

SETAP:
YOU SAID
"SOME
THING"

ABOUT OUR MEETING
AGAIN - WHAT CAN
I DO FOR YOU?



SETAP UNFOLDS HER STORY

I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME
TO SEARCH FOR THE LOST CITY
OF ATLANTIS ZATARA! I HAVE AN
ANCIENT MAP OF A PATH BENEATH
THE OCEAN TO THIS OLD CONTINENT
WHERE A FEW
OF THE OLD
WRE ONES
STILL LIVE -
WILL YOU
DO IT?

A NEW ADVENTURE
- WHY
NOT, SETAP!



ONE WEEK LATER IN MID-
ATLANTIC ON SETAP'S YACHT.

WE FOLLOW THIS ROUTE TO THE
SARAGASSA SEA FROM
"HERE WE -"



WELL - ZATARA AND SETAP!
- DOES LIFE I GOT THE DROP ON
YOU - I'LL "DOUBLE YOU"
FOR "HAT" MAP.



MAY I ASK
WHY THIS
SUDDEN
SCIENTIFIC
INTEREST
IN ATLANTIS?

ATLANTIS? WHO
SAID ANYTHING
ABOUT "HAT"?
I WANT THE MAP
TO THE GOLD
TO RE-ENTER!



AT A GESTURE BY ZATARA -

MY GOOD MAN - WHO
TOLD YOU WE WERE
AFTER GOLD? IF THAT
IS WHAT YOU WANT
HERE IS ENOUGH
TO MAKE YOU
WEALTHY -

"FOOL!
BURNABLE
WILL
ZATARA! I
WANT THAT
MAP!"



IN THAT EVENT, THEN -
ELCANNABILLW, OUYERA A
PAM FLESQUOY!



HELP - I'M TURNED
INTO A MAP!



THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO TRY
TRICKS ON ME, WELL - NOW
WATCH THIS MAP THAT
I ROLL UP -



"INTO A LITTLE PAPER BALL -
THEN I THROW IT INTO THE
AIR - NAUT OTNI A FEUP
FO EKOMS!"



-AND SO THE MAP YOU WANTED
IS NOW A BIT OF CLOUD
FLOATING IN THE AIR!



THE YACHT REACHES ITS DESTINATION -

YOU WILL GO DOWN FIRST ZATARA IF YOU
FIND THE WHITE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE OF THE
SLAV-PULL CAKE UPON THE CABE AND I WILL
DESCEND TO YOU AND WE SHALL WALK TO
GETHER INTO - THE LOST ISLAND OF
ATLANTIS!

THIS DOOR OF THE
TEMPLE YOUR MAP
SHOWS. "I HAVE BEEN
THE "GODDESS" PEAK OF
THE HIGH MOUNTAIN IN
ATLANTIS. NOW CAN YOU
BE SURE IT STILL
EXISTS BENEATH
THE OCEAN."



BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN VISITED BY
THOSE WHO STILL LIVE BENEATH
THESE WATERS. THEY ARE FAR
AHEAD OF THE WORLD WE KNOW.
ZATARA THEY CAN TRAVEL IN
SPIRIT THROUGH WATER AND
AIR. THE OLD EGYPTIANS AND
THE LAMAS OF TODAY STILL
POSSESS SOME OF THESE POWERS!



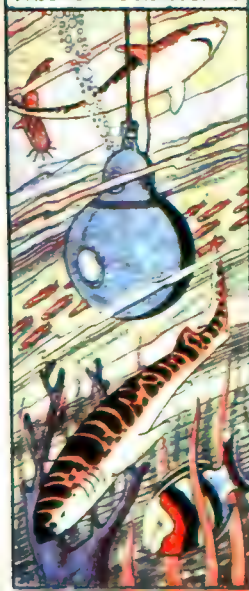
THAT IS TRUE I MYSELF CAN TRAVEL IN SPIRIT FORM - WELL I'LL GO DOWN IN THE DIVING GLOBE AND YOU CAN FOLLOW IN THE DIVING SUIT -



THE MASTER MAGICIAN, IN THE STEEL GLOBE, IS LOWERED OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE -

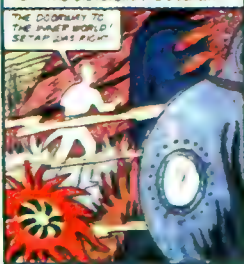


AND ENTERS THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS



ZATARA LEAVES THE GLOBE IN SPIRIT FORM AND DISCOVERS THE DOORWAY -

THE DOORWAY TO THE INNER WORLD IS SET UP JUST RIGHT



ONE THING! ZATARA HAS FOUND THE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE

I MUST HURRY TO JOIN THEM -

NO - I THINK NOT! INSTEAD...



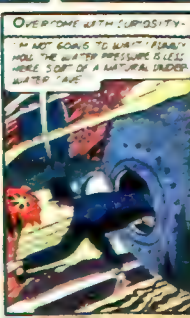
HOLD HER! I'M GOING DOWN AFTER ZATARA - I WANT SOME OF THAT GOLD!

THIS THIS IS MISTAKE! ZATARA WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!



OVERCOME WITH CURIOSITY -

HE NOT GOING TO WAIT! PLEASE HOLD THE WATER PRESSURE IS LESS HERE SOOT OF A NATURAL UNDER WATER TAVE



ZATARA OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS INSIDE...

A PHOSPHORESCENT TUNNEL!
AND STEPS LEADING
DOWNWARD.



I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF
THAT BOAT, PERHAPS -



AT A GESTURE FROM THE MAGICIAN, A BRIDGE
APPEARS AND ZATARA CROSSES THE RIVER..

I'M GLAD I FOLLOWED MY
SUSPICIONS - THOSE THINGS
WOULD HAVE TORN ME
TO PIECES!



SUDDENLY - WHEN ZATARA REACHES THE SHORE -

WELL - HERE'S A WARM RECEPTION -
STEN NRUT OT SNIAMC!



THE WEAK UNDER-EARTH CREATURES
'CANNOT LIFT THEIR NETS NOW UPON CHAINS!'



WHILE BACK ON THE BOAT BARNACLE
WILL IS BEING LOWERED AND THE DIVING
GLOBE BROUGHT BACK ON DECK -



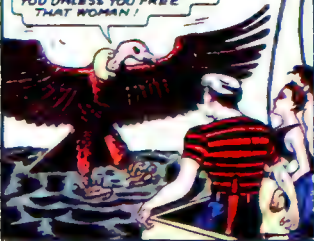
HELP, ZATARA! MAKE
THESE MEN PUT
ME DOWN!

I SEEM TO FEEL
THAT SETAP IS IN
TROUBLE - I SHALL
GO TO THE SURFACE
IN THE FORM OF
AYINA, THE VICTURE -



THE SEAMEN ARE ASTONDED BY THE BIRD—

YOU FOOLS! DOOM AWAITS
YOU UNLESS YOU FREE
THAT WOMAN!



THE BOAT IS THEN ATTACKED BY SEA SERPENTS—

HELP! I VOTE TO LET
HER GO!

PUT SETAP IN THE
GLOBE AND LOWER
HER—



THE BATHYPHERE IS LOWERED
SOON YOU SHALL SEE YOUR
ATLANTIS SETAP!

I CAN
FEEL ZATARA
NEARBY! IT
GIVES ME GREAT
CONFIDENCE



UPON ENTERING THE DOOR SETAP
FINDS BARNACLE WILL INSIDE!

WILL—WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?

GO BACK! GO
BACK! THE
SERPENTS WILL
GET YOU! THEY'RE
HORRIBLE!



ZATARA RECREATES HIS BRIDGE
AND CROSSES OVER TO SETAP—

ZATARA! OH, I AM
GLAD TO SEE YOU—
THIS IS A MOST UN-
CANNY PLACE!

MAY I
ACT AS
GUIDE?



THE UNDER-EARTH CREATURES
ATTACK AGAIN...

ZATARA,
HELP!

YOU FOOLS—FOR THIS
ATTACK YOU SHALL
PAY—RUOYSMIRA
TSIWT OTNI STONK!



THE UNDER-EARTH MEN ARE
HELPLESS!

COME, LET US MOVE
ON—



IF I WEREN'T
SO SCARED
I'D LAUGH
AT THE
WAY YOU
FIXED 'EM,
ZATARA!

IF THIS IS ATLANTIS
IT ISN'T WHAT I
THOUGHT IT WAS
GOING
TO BE—

SETAP—
LOOK!



WHO COMES THROUGH THE
PATH OF DARKNESS?

FRIENDS, BATH
OF ATLANTIS!

HOW DO YOU
KNOW ME,
STRANGE
ONE?

I CAN READ YOUR MIND
BATH OF ATLANTIS! I AM
ZATARA MASTER MEDIUM!
MY KNOWLEDGE IS THE
KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR OWN
WORLD - THE FIRST GREAT
STUDENTS OF "THE OCCULT!"

ENTER THEN
FRIENDS -

SO YOU WERE QUEEN OF ORN & SEAR
THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! IT WAS A
WHA, "MY CO-COIN" SHALL I SHOW YOU
OUR ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ATLANTIS
THAT WILL TELL HOW WEALTHY WE ONCE
WERE - AND OF OUR DESTRUCTION!

GAD, I
WOULD WE
LOOK ON
THE SIGHT
BATH IF ONLY
THE EARTH
OUR LIVES
COULD SEE!

YOU EARTH-BORN FAIL
TO REALIZE THAT IT
WAS FROM ME
ATLANTIS TEARS THAT
YOU ALL DESCENDED
WE RAISED THE
BANANA WHEAT
ORN - DEVELOPED
THE HORSE AND
OTHER ANIMALS LET
ME SHOW YOU -

WATCH CLOSELY, ZATARA YOU SHALL
SEE THE DAYS WHEN TWO MOONS
CIRCLED THE EARTH -

HISTORY
NERTS!

AS THE MAGICIAN WATCHES, THE
SCENE FADES AND...

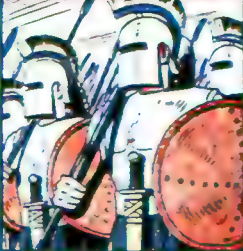
GATH TELLS ZATARA -- "ATLANTIS WAS THE GREAT MOTHER COLONY FOR EGYPT AND GREECE -- HER SHIPS PLIED ALL SEAS"



"HER FIELDS RAISED ALL MANNER OF FOOD-STUFFS AND GRAINS"



"HER ARMIES WERE THE GREATEST KNOWN, AND THE TERROR OF HER LEGIONS SHOOK THE EARTH"



WHILE ZATARA'S LEARNING MUCH OF FORGOTTEN HISTORY, WILL LOOKS AROUND TO SEE IF HE CAN LOCATE ANY GOLD --



GOLD BRACELETS! I'LL ASK HER WHERE SHE GOT THEM!

THAT GOLD! WHERE'D YOU GET IT, TOOTS? TALK UP OR I'LL BEAT YOUR HEAD IN!



AMSCRAY-OUTAY UMBAY!

I DON'T TALK THAT LAMSO--BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE THOSE BRACELETS!



ELPHAY- ALLRAY ETHRAY OPCSRY!

SO ONE OF THE MOONS FELL AND STRUCK THE EARTH. EH? AND THAT CAUSED THE FEARFUL STORMS THAT FLOODED THE EARTH AND AT LAST--

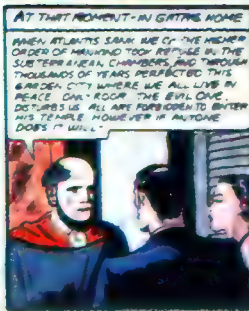


I HEAR LOALLA CALLING--SHE IS IN DANGER--COME!

RETURN THAT BRACELET SA'LOP!



EH? FUNNY BUT I CAN UNDERSTAND YOU! ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS--WHERE CAN I GET GOLD? THE STUFF THAT BRACELET'S MADE OF!



"UNLESS AN EVIL
FROM WHENCE THERE
IS NO ESCAPE FOR
OUR ANCESTORS
FAILED TO TELL US
HOW TO OVER-
COME ROOR! I
HEAR LOALLA
CALLING-SHE SHE

ROOR IS FREE! THE EVIL ONE IS
CLOSE TO DESTROY ALL LIFE-YOUR
MAN WILL TOOK THE
GIRL INTO ROOR'S
TEMPLE-I HEAR HER
MIND CALLING!
I WILL GO-
AWAIT ME
HERE GATH
AND SE "AP-

ROOR! THE GIANT OCTOPUS
OF OUR FABLES!



EB A DOOE SUPOTCO,
ROOR, OG KCAB.
OG KCAB!



ZATARA FAILS TO STOP THE MONSTER!

STRANGE ALL MY WILL AND MIND CANNOT
HARM THIS BEING! I WONDER IF IT IS IM-
MORTAL IN TRUTH? OR ELSE SO LOW MY
MIND CANNOT TOUCH IT?



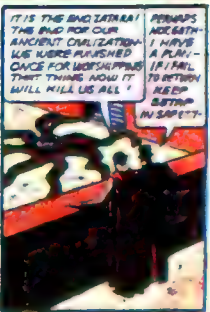
WHEAT LUCK
ZATARA!

NOVE "BIG YOUR
PEOPLE BAR THEIR
DOORS UNTIL I CAN
THINK OUT A PLAN-I
GUESS POOREMANLY
IS GONE-SWALLOWED
BY THE OCTOPUS!



THE FRIGHTENED ATLANTANS
BAR THEIR DOORS!

ROOR WALKS
THE EARTH
AGAIN- MAY ROOR
HAVE MERCY
ON US!

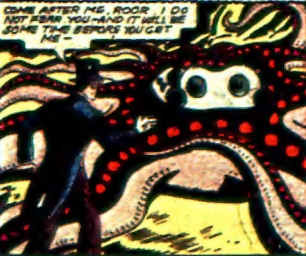


IT IS THE END ZATARA!
THE END FOR OUR
ANCIENT CIVILIZATION-
WE WERE PUNISHED
ONCE FOR WORSHIPPING
THAT THING NOW IT
WILL KILL US ALL!

PERHAPS
NOT GATH-
I HAVE
A PLAN-
IF I FAIL
TO RETURN
KEEP
GATH
IN SAFETY-

ZATARA SEEMINGLY SACRIFICES HIMSELF TO
SAVE THE OTHERS—

COME AFTER ME, ROOR! I DO
NOT FEAR YOU—AND IT WILL BE
SOME TIME BEFORE YOU GET
ME—



FASTER, ROOR—
FASTER!



SPONGES—BY THE UNDER-
GROUND RIVER! THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA—



BY A MIGHTY EFFORT OF HIS WILL:
S'ROOR NIARS TSUM EB
DEZITONPYH!



—THE SPONGES LOOK LIKE
HUMAN BEINGS TO ROOR...



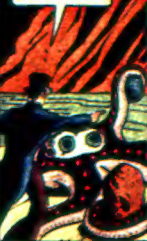
AND ROOR PAUSES TO DINE ON ATLANTEANS—



AH—SALT! JUST THE
THING. EVEN THOUGH
I CANNOT BLAST THIS
TREMENDOUS UNMANN
BULK—PERHAPS I CAN
DESTROY IT BY SOME
MAGIC, ANYHOW!



YOU'RE FILLED WITH
SPONGES, AREN'T YOU?
TRY A LITTLE OF THIS
SALT, NOW!



CAUSING THE SALT TO LOOK LIKE FISH. ZATARA BAITES ROOR TO EAT HIS BAIT—



MADE THIRSTY BY THE SALT ROOR GOES IN THE WATER



KEEP DRINKING, ROOR—WITH THOSE SPONGES AND ALL THAT SALT INSIDE OF YOU—YOU'LL NEVER DRINK ENOUGH—



YOU'LL BRING YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION ON YOURSELF AH—HERE WE GO—



ROOR BLOWS UP WITH THE PRESSURE INSIDE OF HIM—



THE ATLANTISANS ARE HARD TO CONVINCE AND THEY COME TO THE WATER'S EDGE TO SEE WITH THEIR OWN EYES!

IF I DID NOT SEE THIS I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, ZATARA! TRULY YOU ARE THE GREATEST PUPIL OF ALL WHO STUDIED THE ANCIENT WISDOM!



OUR ANCIENT ROOR IS GONE FOREVER!

ROOR IS DEAD!

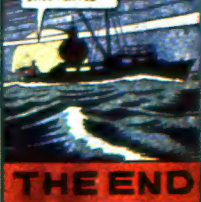
FAREWELL, ZATARA—YOU GO WITH OUR BEST WISHES!

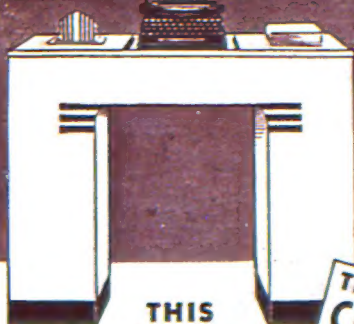
I REMAIN HERE, ZATARA. I LIKE IT BETTER THAN THE OUTER WORLD I AM AT LAST WITH MY OWN PEOPLE.

FAREWELL, GATH! GOOD-BYE! PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN! SOMEDAY—



AND THIS FAREWELL TO SUNKEN ATLANTIS! I WONDER HOW SETAP IS DOING DOWN THERE. I'D LIKE TO TELL THIS STORY—BUT WHO WOULD BELIEVE THESE MARVELS? YET MAN MAY DISCOVER THE SUNKEN ATLANTIS SOMEDAY AND THEN I WILL BE VINDICATED!





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ROOR IS DEAD !

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THE END